

*the*

*Diamond*



"So who needs  
a parole?"

1964  
VOLUME

the  
3 Diamond

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## TO OUR READERS...

This is the Tenth Anniversary of our little publication. We weren't able to plan a special issue to mark the occasion, but we did think we should mention it in case anyone wanted to throw a party for the staff.

Looking over the past decade, we feel it is fair to say that the Canadian Penal Press has reached adolescence. Most prison sheets started as just that: a sheet of paper with mimeographed copy. The Diamond, for instance, was so-called because most of the news contained in it came from our ball field. It branched out from a 4-page mimeograph to a 32-page magazine, published monthly—or thereabouts—and some hopeful staff member decided it was "*the gem of the penal press*"!

With this change in format came a change of attitude on the part of the editors. They started gathering material with a view to what would be of interest to the "outside" reader. Some editors succeeded and others didn't. The Diamond's circulation went up and down the scale correspondingly. It has always been the policy of the prison officials to leave the magazine entirely in the hands of inmates, letting it succeed or fail on the strength of the effort the men put into it. The Department of Justice comes through with a small subsidy each April, but over 90% of The Diamond's revenue comes from subscribers—with no advertising, unfortunately. We have a tendency, then, to equate success with a large subscriber list. We won't say just how large our circulation is, but we will admit that we aren't a success — yet!

And now that you've read the soft-sell, you're free to look at the pictures and titles on the pages that follow. You might even find something you'd like to read!



Older subscribers to The DIAMOND will remember that finding jobs for inmates was one of our original projects. For over a year we carried one or two pages of "Situation Wanted" ads in the magazine. Very little encouraging happened as a result of this. We attempted a more ambitious, direct-mail scheme to help inmates find work upon their release. This failed, too. Partly because we were limited in our approach, partly because our approach was incorrect, and also strangely, because we were short of time.

A great deal of thought was given to the problem, though, and one of the solutions was to have a fulltime representative in the field. We didn't put it to the Commissioner of Penitentiaries—or to Davey Fulton either—because they didn't ask us.

A great deal can be said for the idea: the main thing being that it works. And a great deal can be said against it: why should they find jobs for cons when thousands of honest men are unemployed? It's certainly true we don't have anything coming to us, but it's equally true that we need jobs if we are to make an honest living.

What is needed, then, is someone like Jerry Head:

he  
finds  
**JOBS  
FOR  
EX-  
CONS**

*by Charles Moore  
in The Atlanta Constitution*

W. Jerry Head was stumped.

Head, who finds jobs for convicts released from the federal penitentiary, had been asked by a textile manager to name one good thing about a soon-to-be-released convict. If Head could, he'd hire the man.

Head reviewed in his mind the man's long criminal record that nearly filled a sheet of paper. It covered a 20-year period, during which the man had never been out of prison more than two months at a time.

After a long thought, Head finally replied, "Well, he asked me to find him a job."

The mill manager decided to take a chance and he hired the released convict.

That was in 1948. The now-reformed



criminal is still there working as a millhand, but Head is as proud of him as some of the former inmates who have gone on to become successful business men with incomes that put them in the upper tax brackets.

Head is now in his 17th year of placement. His area covers seven and a half southeastern states and involves men from 32 federal institutions and camps.

During his tenure, he has helped place thousands of men who have done time for crimes ranging from murder and bank robbery on down to taking a joy-ride in someone else's automobile.

"Of all these thousands, I know of only three cases where the ex-convict robbed or embarrassed in any way (due to a crime) the firm that hired him," Head noted.

#### REMARKABLE RECORD

"It's a remarkable record. Out of any thousand men, how many steal from the place they work? Now, many of those men wound up back in prison, some after being out only a few weeks, but they had gone somewhere else to rob or steal."

Head said the reason behind the low crime rate among the employees varied. Some desist because of a feeling of gratitude toward the company that gave them a job. Others because they know they will be the first to be suspected if a crime is committed. And the placement office keeps in mind the criminal record of men so that an embezzler isn't put in an office where he has access to money or checks.

The federal penitentiary system inaugurated the placement system in 1940 after noting in the 1930's that many of the men who had been released were returning in a short time. They

checked and found that many of the men had resumed a criminal career when they couldn't find an honest job.

#### UNDER SPONSORSHIP

The placement decision and the prison job training programme were set up under the sponsorship of the prison industrial programme. Its expenses are paid from the money derived from the sale of prison-made goods to various federal agencies and enables the bureau of prisons to return to the Treasury Department more than it gets to run the prisons.

Head said his office works with state employment offices, large and small industrial plants, offices, construction companies, labour unions and others.

"We couldn't do it without a lot of help," he admits.

Prospective employers are given a complete confidential report, a training and skills report, an analysis of the man's ability, and his criminal record.

#### A HARD WORKER

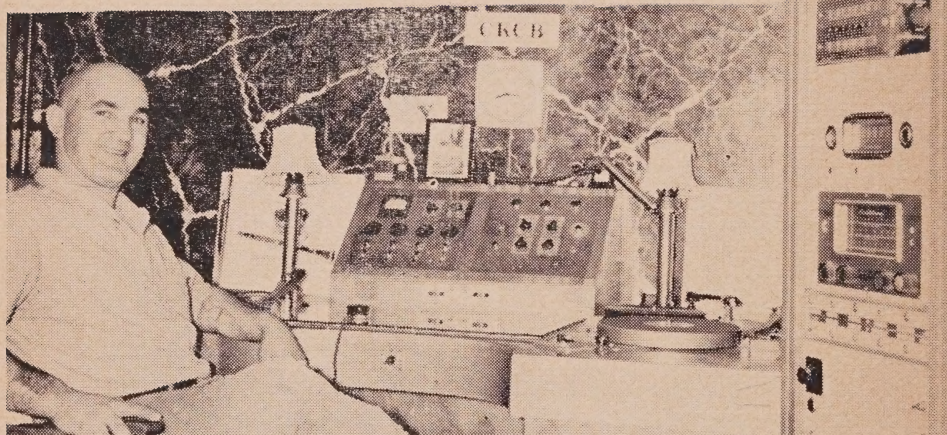
"It's a factual report," Head said. "If a man is lazy, it says so. And if he is a hard worker, it says that, too. We want employers to know they can count on its being factual."

The placement office doesn't handle all the men who are released from prison. "Only those who ask for it," Head said. "We found out early in the game it wouldn't work unless the man wanted it to."

Prison officials estimate that about forty per cent of the released men seek help from the placement office in finding a job. They are usually men who have served long sentences and have lost outside contacts. Many of the men find jobs on their own following their release through past contacts or through their families.



# CKCB



Station CKCB is the official radio voice of a section of Canada's underworld. Operating out of a one-room studio, without the permission of the Board of Broadcast Governors, Frank Brewer saturates a clandestine, three-channel, closed circuit system with the seditious beat of Rock-n-Roll.

To beat the BBG's edict on a 45% Canadian content, our operator reaches across the border into the northern United States—particularly on Sundays. To beat the rules of good taste, he switches from station to station following the top fifty all around the dial.

With five radios, three heavy amplifiers, three record turntables and—some times—a TV sound unit, operator Brewer is able to give the 450 inmates of this prison a considerable variety in radio entertainment. Everything can be handled by one man from the control panel pictured above, but because of the long hours—6:30 in the morning 'til 11:30 at night—CKBC is a two-man operation. Assisting Brewer is "Gubby" Armitage and it is bewildering indeed to sit around with these two technicians and hear them using such esoteric terms as "dial", "switch", "tone arm" and "mike". A favourite term of this two-some is "instantaneous



feedback". If you don't know what this means, you're welcome to join their club.

At approximately five o'clock every evening—just after count is in—CKCB goes on the air with a newscast. This is strictly institutional news and a rundown of the schedule for the evening. Three channels are operating in the institution, although there are two cell blocks still waiting for the third channel to be completed. Channel #1 is used for news from outside, stories and general information programmes. Channel #2 is used mostly for sports—hockey, football and, in summer, baseball. When not monitoring a sport broadcast, it is the official channel for recordings and request music. Channel #3 carries a French programme during the noon hour break and in the evening it is used for classical and some of the better popular music programs.

The two operators are also technicians, disc-jockeys and commentators. They maintain the four miles of wire in our communications system, repair the earphones used in the cells to receive the sound, repair the prison's seven television sets and also set up the sound system for any live shows presented on our auditorium's stage. They put out a catalogue of the records available and run three request shows each week.

At six oclock on Wednesday they have a jazz programme but from seven on, Country Music is here to stay, right through 'til sign off at 11:30. This Western programme is strictly request and averages about 70 request "kites" per night. Friday evenings, CKCB produces what is euphemistically termed a "popular request show". Well over 100 kites pour in from the cell blocks and dormitories, and of the

Playing 35 hours of recordings each week requires a great number of discs.

We haven't got enough and as a consequence, must replay the same selections every few days. Radio stations have been generous enough to supplement our library from time to time, particularly CKWS in Kingston and CKEY in Toronto. Inmates buy records and donate them to the cause also.

One way of solving our problem would be to tape record the music, but unfortunately our recorder is an antique, low-fidelity model. Everything comes out like Rock 'n Roll due to worn bushings and fast motors.

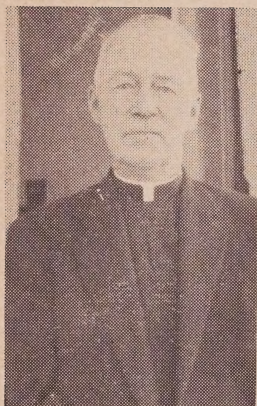
If anyone happened to have some old records lying around gathering dust we'd be glad to store them for you!

hundred, 85 are from the young in heart. This means the Paul Ankas, Presleys and Darrins get played thin while the Goodmans, Millers and—especially — the Lombardos, remain sheathed.

To offset this, a frank imitation of CKWS' *Listener's Choice* was started. Covering the hour from 10:30 to sign-off, this *Inmate's Choice* offers everyone the chance to choose an hour of good music. The operators have decreed that this late show can carry only music to sooth the savage beast by. To get their music played, inmates have only to drop a note in the radio room mailbox and the operators place their choice on file, provided the choice fits the programme.

A major source of entertainment, these request shows carry humorous dedications and comments from the D.J. In a small community like ours, the radio is a major source of information, too. Efficient little CKCB fills our needs adequately.





the

Significance

of Easter

Easter is uniquely a day of Christian rejoicing. It is a day set aside by the Church to commemorate the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. It is uniquely a Christian celebration for it is a yearly reminder to us and to the world, if it will only listen, that on that first glorious Easter the Founder of our Faith shook off the shackles of death, as He had promised He would, and rose triumphantly from the tomb, thereby establishing beyond doubt the fact of His Divinity and His claim as Redeemer, as well as assuring us of our own resurrection at the end of time.

Had Christ failed to fulfill His promise that He would rise from the dead, our Christian Faith would indeed be vain and for all these years since His death we would have been guided by a mirage. St. Peter tells us "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." But the fulfillment of His promise restored the faith of His disappointed disciples, following the awful tragedy of the first Good Friday, and continues to form for us now the bulwark of our Christian heritage.

So essential is our conviction of Christ's actual physical and glorious Resurrection from the tomb that without this firm belief any claim to the name of Christian is counterfeit.

F. M. Devine, S.J. Catholic Chaplain



*armed guards gone ... towers obsolete*

# WORK CAMPS OPENING

Three satellite institutions will be launched from Collin's Bay Pen this year. To be built at Gravenhurst, Petawawa, and right outside our own walls, these institutions will be minimum security camps and the inmates will be employed at reforestation and land clearance projects.

Operating from a supply base here at the Bay, all men chosen to go to these experimental prison camps will be carefully screened by our Classification Department. They will work a full 8-hour day under outside working conditions. It is expected that their pay scale will be higher than that of the main prison, too. With approximately 80 men to a camp there will be no guns and no fences. Mail will not be censored and visits will be very relaxed insofar as restrictions and supervision are concerned.

The work done by the inmates at these camps will not be in competition with the free labour forces. It is work that would not have been undertaken by the government for at least another ten years, if at all. But it will be useful and necessary work, completed at a considerable saving to the Canadian taxpayer.

The announcement that Collin's Bay would set up these camps coincided with the change in status for this institution from a maximum security prison to medium security. The guns have come down from our own walls and we will probably have an expanded evening programme in the yard this summer.

The proposed camps are becoming a topic of conversation among the inmates—as can well be imagined—and the general feeling is that they will be a very good thing. The prospect of hard work is not frightening anyone and most inmates are hoping they'll be considered for transfer to one of these new-fangled places.

The DIAMOND will be looking over the successful applicants for these camps and we'll try to send a couple of writers along to report back on the facilities, work programmes and general atmosphere of these prisons. As a matter of fact, the whole staff is applying for an assignment like this. The DIAMOND will keep its readers informed and we'll try for a photo story on Gravenhurst about the end of August.





# SALVATION ARMY

VISITS PRISON AUDITORIUM





**HOLD OUT A LIGHT**

**Hold out a light  
The way is dark,  
No ray to guide  
Yon struggling bark,  
Rough rocks are near,  
And wild waves roar:  
Hold out a light**

**To show the shore.  
Hold out a light:  
Your brother may  
Win back to land  
With your small ray:  
New courage find  
Life's storms to face  
With strengthening faith,  
To win the race.**

This poem, by Addison Howard Gibson, succinctly states the Salvation Army's attitude toward the also-rans in life's race. Ever ready with a helping hand, the Salvation Army has played a large role in the field of corrections.

The Army is a religious-charitable organization offering assistance to prisoners in the form of parole supervision, religious and family counseling, after-care and general welfare. Many paroled inmates are released under the supervision of Salvation Army personnel in areas where the John Howard Society has no branch office. Many inmates prefer Sally Ann supervision for religious or personal reasons. And the

Army provides this service at no cost to either the government or the individual seeking help.

For many decades now the Army has been well known for its religious meetings at prisons throughout Canada. Such a meeting was held at this prison on February 26th and it is a measure of the Army's popularity among the prisoners that close to 200 inmates came to that meeting. Brigadier Mercer, the local Corrections Officer for the Army, arranged for his opposite number in Montreal, Brigadier Bamsey, to bring in a 25-piece band for the meeting and also the women of the local Songsters' Brigade—Army terminology for their choir. The one-hour meeting went off very well, with Brigadier Bamsey leading the Songsters, the men and the band in song. The Army invariably chooses some of the lustier, better-known hymns for these meetings and most of the inmates enjoy singing along with them.

In addition to being available for interviews here at Collin's Bay whenever an inmate feels the need of counselling or help, the Army operates a Rehabilitation Home at 496 Richmond Street West in Toronto. This home is open to any man who finds himself destitute and in need of sanctuary. He must agree to abide by certain rules — rules that govern good conduct in any home — and the Army will undertake to feed and clothe him, provide a small weekly cash grant, and find employment for him.

It matters not whether the applicant is Protestant, Catholic or Jew. He can be white or coloured. He is always welcome to the aid that the Salvation Army stands ready to offer. ██████████



# HUMOUR



The ship was sinking; the passengers were crowding to the life boats. A heroic officer stood on the foredeck and called out over the noise, "Women, children and people on the 'go now, pay later' plan first!"

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The bride was anything but a tidy housekeeper. It bothered her no end until one evening her husband called from the hall somewhat dismayed: "Honey," he shouted, "where's the dust on the table? I had a phone number written on it."

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A young fellow applying for a job as a clothing salesman was told he could have the job if he sold a certain suit.

It was an unusual suit, though: bright purple with white stripes and red dots. The applicant decided to chance it.

About an hour later the store manager saw him come running, his trousers torn, blood on his hands and a wild look in his eyes. "I sold that suit!" he exclaimed.

"But you seem to have encountered a lot of customer resistance," remarked the manager.

"No," explained the new salesman, "selling the customer was easy, but I sure had a bad time with his seeing-eye dog!"

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Returning from a long tour of duty in the Mediterranean, our large cruiser and its single destroyer escort ran into a heavy storm. The cruiser pitched and rolled, and the destroyer fared even worse. Her entire bow would go under the huge waves and wash water up to the bridge. Her captain sent an urgent message: "Request you slow speed to ten knots."

The admiral on the cruiser, anxious to return home on schedule, refused. A moment later a huge wave almost covered the destroyer.

Her captain sent another message: "Now request permission to surface."

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The hardest thing for some people to say in 25 words or less is "Good-bye".





TRADES

TRAINING

- ☐ mechanics
- ☐ electrical
- ☐ sheet metal
- ☐ machine shop
- ☐ masonry
- ☐ plumbing
- ☐ carpentry
- ☐ welding

Nine trades are taught to inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary. The eight that are outlined here are full time training courses of one year's duration. In addition to the trade, each class is taught related subjects like blueprint reading, draughting and mathematics.

The first nine months of each course are spent in intensive training on machines and in the theory of the trade. The last last three months are spent on practical applications of what has been learned.

These courses are offered to the men as a means of bettering themselves during their enforced stay at the Bay and it augers well for the men that there is rarely a shortage of applicants for these trades' training courses. It requires a lot of work and off-hours study for a student to complete a course successfully, but over 80% of the students who commence each year are graduates. Equally impressive is the percentage of men who, after taking training here, stay out of prison: over 80% again!

## MOTOR VEHICLE REPAIR

By far the most popular trade course, this class is taught in a large, very well equipped garage. Mr. M. Derrick is the instructor for the theoretical part of the course and after the men move onto the floor they are under the tutelage of Mr. A. Babcock and Mr. R. Abrams. Any repair that could possibly be called for on a modern motor vehicle can be accomplished in this

garage—and by graduates of the course.

The use of all modern equipment—Sun motor analysers, distributor testers, front end alignment equipment, anything that can be thought of, in fact—is explained to the students. Trouble shooting is a large part of the course and the graduate is equipped to fix anything from a Volkswagon to a bulldozer.

## ELECTRICAL

Instructor A. J. W. Robinson has perhaps the most difficult subject to teach in that he is dealing with an invisible quantity: electricity. It can be measured and its effects can be seen, but trying to explain the Electron theory to the new students poses Mr. Robinson's biggest problem each year.

Once the men have grasped the fundamentals, they are taught electrostatics, electrodynamics, magnetism, house

wiring, motor wiring, HEPC regulations, AC and DC theory, transformers, polyphase motors, ad infinitum.

In this well equipped shop, the students are able to set up many experiments on kits of Crow electrical equipment. The graduate has a firm grasp of the fundamentals and is ready to specialize or branch out into the electronic fields.

## SHEET METAL

A difficult trade to master, but one which provides steady employment for the student who perseveres, Sheet Metal is the oldest trade course in the institution. Still being taught by the original instructor, Mr. G. A. Irvine, it covers the use of all hand and machine tools, soldering, seaming, pattern making,

layout, and heating system installation.

Estimating parallel line and radial development, triangulation and other aspects of pattern making are stressed. Mr. Irvine feels the students should be capable of tackling any job they may meet when they are working in competitive industry.





- ☐ Front end alignment in the Garage.
- ☐ An electrical experiment with Crow equipment.
- ☐ An inmate doing layout work in the Sheet Metal shop.

- ☐ Machine shop student operating milling machine.
- ☐ Roman Arch built by Brickmasons as project.
- ☐ Plumbers installing practice bathroom layouts.





## MACHINE SHOP

Instructed by Mr. A. J. Bignon, the students of this course learn all the fundamentals of machine shop work. The shop itself is a spacious, well-equipped one with eight lathes, three milling machines, several types of grinders, two shapers and many machines found only in much larger shops outside. Heat treatment of metals, oxyacetylene cutting and welding and the theory of metal structure are also

taught.

After nine months under Mr. Bignon, the students move into Mr. J. Fowler's jurisdiction and he gives them on-the-job training for the remainder of their term in the prison. Practical applications of the training are mastered as the students tackle the varied jobs that are required to maintain the institutional equipment.

## BRICKMASONS

Starting with simple layouts for single walls and progressing to very complex and intricate patterns like the Roman Arch pictured here, the men taking this course probably acquire more know-how in nine months than they would in four years outside. All types of bonds are mastered, use of tools and speed are stressed. Each student builds walls, fireplaces and various types of masonry construction

on the floor of the shop and Instructor R. Dick helps them each step of the way. They are taught related subjects such as blue print reading, layout and mathematics.

After completing the course, the graduates work on the building programme around the prison and at present are completing the new building for the Protestant Chapel.

## PLUMBING & HEATING

Mr. C. L. McQuaide instructs his novices in both practical and theoretical aspects of the plumbing trade. A great deal of the work on this course is repetitive as it is only through constant practice the men can acquire the necessary manual skills.

Soldering, lead work, use of hand and machine tools, threading, bending, flaring and sweating of copper tubing and detailed instruction on the instal-

lation of hot water heating systems are but a few of the topics covered in this course. The roughing in of house plumbing is practiced on mock-ups of actual bathrooms and several layouts are done so that the students gain experience in the thinking out of the problems rather than practice at simple patterns. They are thus ready to go out and on the job at the completion of the course.

## CARPENTRY

The student of this course will be instructed in theory and practical work using all hand and power tools of the trade. He will learn layout, house and roof framing, trim work, manufacture and installation of doors, windows, stairs, etc. The use of the steel carpenter's square is thoroughly mastered with ever-patient Instructor W. Huff spending a great many hours on this tool.

Cabinet making is often the goal of many students on this course, but the

course itself is designed to teach them the basics of construction carpentry. Each student will make a model house to scale and accurate in every detail—to become thoroughly acquainted with the problems encountered in construction work.

The skill of the students is attested to by the smartly designed and well-fitted kitchen cupboards that are manufactured under Mr. Huff's eye toward the end of the course.

## WELDING

The newest of the trade courses to be taught here, this trade has proved popular with the inmates and Instructor W. H. Parks has already had two graduating classes.

Oxy-acetylene welding and cutting

and all arc process work are gone into thoroughly. Welding in all positions is taught (horizontal, vertical, etc.) and after completing the course the men are transferred to the blacksmith's shop for additional experience.

(The ninth trade available to the inmates here is barbering. This trade is also very popular but due to vastly different teaching methods it is not included in this coverage.)



# Easter

Easter is a distinctly Christian festival. It is true that in our part of the world it comes when the signs of new life are stirring and we associate it very easily with the message of immortality. The great fact that Jesus rose from the dead is now accepted as a fact of history, but for many centuries it was the battleground of debate as to whether Jesus was really dead. Did someone steal His body from the tomb or was the whole thing a story developed by His disciples to protect themselves? Jesus rose from the grave and for forty days before His ascension, He made some ten appearances to His followers in a number of different ways and in different places.

The fact of the Resurrection is important, but it is the meaning of the Resurrection which gives it the glorious message of life; life which is not ended by that which we call death. God has given the victory over death and because Jesus lives we shall live also. This doesn't always come easy to accept for we cannot prove it by any human being returning from the sphere beyond death. There are some who express it in this way, that just because it is a fact that Jesus rose from the dead, is no proof that we shall do the same thing. The things of nature teach us this truth but any spiritual message must issue from the sense of faith in God.

St. Paul gives Easter and the Resurrection another great spiritual message by saying that if we believe that Jesus is risen, we should set our affection on the things above and not on the things on Earth. Because of the Resurrection, we can possess a new quality of life on this earth as well as life beyond it. Since Jesus could not be contained in His tomb, His same power may raise human life to a new joy, new happiness, new peace of mind and new expressions of love for fellow men.

Hence Easter becomes the Queen of Festivals. It is a fact which history records, but it is an experience which provides something for immortality and also for physical expression of life on earth. It must have been a great thrill for the disciples on the first Easter Day to know their Friend, their Saviour and their Example was risen from the grave and that He would always be with them. It is still a great thrill when we get to the place where we see the spiritual message that all this has for us.



**Padre Canon Minto Swan**  
Protestant Chaplain

by James Lewis

Mulrooney drained the last of his coffee, dabbed his mouth with a napkin and leaned back, sighing contentedly. He glanced at his watch, gave an agonized yell, and headed for the door. His wife was in action at the same time, sprinting behind him, proving her worth in the short dashes at least.

He pulled to a screeching halt, grabbed his hat from the hall closet and turned around, slowly, his clear-blue eyes dangerously innocent-looking — Irish devils brewing mischief. He inhaled softly. “Ah-h, Mary me darlin’,” he whispered, affecting the brogue, his head shaking wonderingly, “tis that fair ye are. Yer loveliness is th’ fragrance uv th’ County Cork, a-shimmerin’ an’a-sparklin’ like th’ River Shannon.” He gesticulated grandly. “Aye, an’ there’s shamrocks—” At which point he was quickly but thoroughly hugged and kissed, his hat thrust onto his head, turned and given a shove.

“Mulrooney, you’ll be late for work. Out with you!” his wife commanded fiercely, opening the door and pointing the way.

He grinned crookedly and headed for the stairs. “Don’t cook tonight, darlin’, we’ll have pizza!” he shouted as he raced downstairs.

She stood momentarily with her back against the door, a secret smile on her lips; then she hurried to the front window to answer Mulrooney’s good-bye wave, returning to the kitchen for her usual second cup of breakfast coffee.

Relaxing, pleasantly daydreaming, her thoughts fluttered lightly and with-

out reason until, surprisingly enough, they finally perched on divorce. (Such a topic! Imagine.) Maybe too many couples just let themselves go, she thought. In personal relationships as well as personally. Start taking each other for granted, become careless, and what with one thing leading to another before you know it—blooey!—you’ve had it. Divorce.

Daydreaming. She blinked her eyes, snapping back to reality. *Thank God we’re us*, she thought. *And it’s not just*





A crazed holdup man and a terrified housewife . . .

"You were right to slap me," she told him. "I deserved it."

# ROONEY

*The Church, either; we're together because we're still in love and because we have fun together and we can rely on each other—no matter what. We've been grandparents for two months—Grandparents! That was a sobering thought. It hardly seemed possible their Kathy was a mother. And she a grandmother.*

Maybe. . . .

Determinedly she marched into the bedroom, slipped off her housecoat and slowly pirouetted in front of the mirror, giving critical attention to her trim figure. M-m-m-m-m, not bad, she thought wickedly. Then she went into the bathroom and stepped on the scales. 123 pounds. When she was married she'd weighed—her brow puckered—she'd weighed 116. Well . . . the back of her fingers tapped under her chin, exploring for excess tissue. There didn't seem to be any (she peered into the mirror to be sure), though at 39—

well, *almost* 40—she shouldn't be too concerned. Still, a nice clean chinline was something.

Phooey! They'd lived all their lives together. Happily, though uneventfully of course.

She had just finished the breakfast dishes when the buzzer sounded. Joanne again, wanting her to baby-sit for a couple hours—and that would be all right too. "Coming!" she called, giving quick pats to her hair as she hurried to answer. "Hi!" she said, laughing and opening the door. But instead of Joanne a strange, tough-looking man stood there holding a briefcase. "Oh. I thought you were my neighbour. What can I—"

Her words were choked off as he suddenly stepped forward, clamped a rough hand across her mouth and swung her around, holding her hard against his body. His briefcase hit the floor, the door was kicked shut and his free hand bolted it and dropped the safety catch into position. Instinctively she fought with all fury, though against his superior strength her struggles meant nothing. Now, inside, he used his other arm to completely pinion her.

Continued On Page 29

Dr. Tadeusz Grygier believes expansion of Ontario's probation system and more aid to discharged prisoners in rehabilitating themselves would benefit the province socially and economically.

When the Junior League gave the University of Toronto funds with which to undertake research in the general field of correction, Dr. Grygier was selected as special lecturer. He has seen both sides of the prison walls. He was a political prisoner of the Russians in his native Poland for more than a year.

He has Polish degrees in political science and law; he took his doctorate in social psychology at the University of London's School of Economics. He is now teaching and conducting limited research in the University of Toronto's School of Social Work and Department of Psychology. He is also research consultant to the Department of Reform Institutions.



Photo: Courtesy Toronto Globe & Mail

## DR. GRYGIER

In prescribing a greater degree of after-care for discharged prisoners, Dr. Grygier does not take the stand that criminality is a disease. He merely suggests that the process of apprehending, prosecuting and imprisoning a repeating offender is much more costly than that of helping the man—or woman—to obtain employment and become a self-supporting and self-respecting citizen.

The punishment of crime, he says, is only useful, so far as the subject is concerned, if it contributes to his correction.

But there are other reasons for imposing punishment, Dr. Grygier explains. The punishment of an offender discourages potential criminals. This does not mean, however, that the more drastic the punishment, the greater its deterrent effect.

by  
*Lex Schrag*



Dr. Grygier, with the aid of his students, is investigating three aspects of correction. First, the problem of repeaters in Ontario reform institutions, which have become badly overcrowded. His aim is to determine whether the social and emotional needs of the prisoners can be met in a more rational and humane manner than is now the case.

He is also examining the interaction of personalities between probationers and probation officers. It is his observation that Ontario's probation system is more economical than the imprisonment of offenders, though its immediate impact on the subject may be less forceful.

And, thirdly he and his students are exploring the after care of discharged prisoners. No matter how good an institution of correction may be, he says, it is a waste of the taxpayers' money unless its rehabilitative effect is followed up.

Institutional routine saps the initiative and self-reliance of many prisoners, says Dr. Grygier, and they need supportive supervision after discharge in order to re-establish themselves in society.

He has been given gratifying co-operation by federal authorities, but, through lack of time and funds, has been compelled to confine his studies to offenders in the Toronto area. He feels there is a need for more selective research in correction across Canada, and for a greater exchange of more accurate statistics and information between the various jurisdictions.

British Columbia, for instance, has done valuable work in dealing with drug addicts. Dr. Grygier does not believe the drug addict should be regarded only as a sick person. Addiction leads too easily to vending; addicts may commit violent crimes to obtain funds with which to satisfy their craving.

Sex offenders, he believes, are much more likely to respond to medical and psychological treatment. But each sex offender is an individual, separate case and must be treated as such if he is to be reclaimed.

Finally, Dr. Grygier suggests that Canada must carry out her own research in correction. The results of investigations in other countries may not be applicable here because of different political social and economic conditions.

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#### DR. GRYGIER HOLDS WORKSHOP AT CONGRESS OF CORRECTIONS

Dr. T. Grygier will be speaking and in charge of the Workshop on the future of Correctional Planning in Canada at the Canadian Congress of Corrections being held at Hart House, University of Toronto, May 14-19 of this year. The Congress will be open to the public each evening and there will be displays from prisons all across Canada.

# SHOW TIME

by Pete Madden



"THERE'S NO PEOPLE LIKE SHOW PEOPLE"



The honesty of this quotation was expertly conveyed to the inmates of this institution by the cortege of musicians, actors, singers and dancers who graced our stage on Sunday, February 12th.

No ordinary affair, this stage spectacular was arranged for the benefit of the inmate population by the en-



chanting, ever popular Eva Howard, with the production headaches detailed to her capable husband.

The entertainment commenced with Bill Luxton — emcee-comedian and very popular CKWS-TV personality. Bill offered a few samples of his lively humour, then introduced the fine instrumental group.

This nice little combo was composed of The Seaway Five; featuring Jim Rennie on piano, Bill McEwen on guitar, Gerb Carter on bass, Herb Taylor on Drums and the very versatile Orv Severin, alternately playing saxophone, clarinet and vibes; plus two additions in trombonist Ted Everett and saxophone player, Leo Lamereux.

The group launched the musical assault with *Say It With Music* and throughout the afternoon played excellent arrangements of *St. Louis Blues*, *Let's Dance* and *Love Me or Leave Me*, to mention only a few.

Pat Moore and June Johnson, two pretty young protégés of Mona Tomlinson, marched vibrantly onto the stage, giving fine exhibitions of baton twirling to the beat of *The Invincible Eagle* and *Thunderer Marches*.

Bill Luxton made certain that the audience never lacked entertainment, using his fine assortment of jokes and facetious comments to create laughter.

The greatest eruption of laughter, however, was emitted when a wierd, incongruous looking creature, slightly resembling a female of the human species, slunk onto the stage. This exotic seniorita was none other than the fabulous Dennis Curtis. He wore a tight, white blouse, even tighter blue leotards, very dainty high heeled shoes

and was crowned with a colorful sombrero which only partially covered his unstylish black wig. Dennis pantomimed very dexterously to the voice of Katerina Valenté singing *Malaguena*. Manipulating his lips and flailing his arms, Dennis really appeared to be singing as he also did a marvelous take-off on Johnny Ray and two enactments to Theresa Brewer's voice.

Returning for her second engagement at this institution, charming Enid Reynolds captivated the audience, allowing her silvery smooth voice to glide through *Somebody Loves Me*, *All of Me*, *Just in Time* and several other standard hit songs.

At this point, guitarist Bill McEwen offered an up-tempo interpretation of *The World is Waiting for the Sunrise*.

Tumultuous applause greeted the lovely lady of song, Eva Howard. Eva, star and sponsor of the show, offered her inimitable song stylings of *Ain't Misbehaving*, *Mack the Knife* and *My Funny Valentine*.

Eva and the group then bolted into the grand finale with *When the Saints Go Marching In*, during which each member of the group displayed his individual talent with brief solos. The rhythmic frenzy of this number was contagious, causing almost everyone present to join in the hand-clapping and toe tapping.

The show was excellent and thoroughly enjoyable, thus chalking up another great success for Eva and the gang, who come out here to brighten our lives, show us that we're not forgotten and above all to prove emphatically that: "There's no people like show people."

# A A

## **Vision Group Holds Open House Meeting**

by R. E. Porter

An inmate's dream—open house at the pen—was realized for the first time on Saturday, February 18th, when the local Alcoholics Anonymous group held an Open House Meeting with visitors from various parts of Ontario and Quebec in attendance.

An inmate chairman of the institution's VISION GROUP called the meeting to order and after the opening minute's silence for meditation, introduced the first guest, Kay H. who read the Twelve Steps of A.A.

Chairman Ted S. then called upon the group's new institutional sponsor, W.C. Rynasko, head of the Classification Department, who spoke briefly and to the point by thanking all the inmate and outside A.A. members for making this meeting and other A.A. ventures a success.

The group's General Service Representative, John D., then expressed his appreciation to inmates and guests for inspiring him with their spirit and integrity. John comes into the prison every Saturday for the regular meetings and has recently been working with the inmate A.A. members one evening each week on a group counseling type programme. This last was instituted with the aid of the entire Classification Department personnel under the guidance of Mr. Rynasko and while it is still too early to forecast results, the programme has proven a success at other institutions.

The guest speaker for the afternoon was Myron S., a southwestern Ontario businessman whose talk that afternoon





Top, left to right: Guest speaker Myron S., Chairman Ted S., G.S.R. John D. and special guest Kay H. Below is W. R. Rynasko, head of the Classification Department.



proved he was well-qualified to speak to this group. Myron had experienced a great many troubles because of his addiction to alcohol but he had finally beaten his problem. And he had beaten it in the only way possible: through Alcoholics Anonymous. Myron is a printer by trade and he had lost many jobs and even businesses because of his drinking. He had caused untold grief to his family. And he had almost drunk himself insane. Myron was brought into A.A. by a friend who once told him, very candidly, that there were only three places he could go: the cemetery, the asylum—or A.A. Myron chose A.A. and the success he has made of his life is certainly a testimonial to A.A.'s efficacy.

Myron was a capable speaker, with a pleasant voice and the ability to make both his audience and himself laugh at his past failures. His talk was well received by the inmates and most of them were able to recognize similar experiences and problems in their own lives.

Kay H. and John D. were presented with hand-tooled copper plaques for their efforts on behalf of the Vision Group in the past. Myron was also given a small gift as a token of the group's appreciation.

Immediately after the ceremonies, the meeting was adjourned to the Officers' cafeteria where refreshments and some informal conversation were enjoyed by both guests and inmates. This "social" is probably the most anticipated part of any meeting or inmate activity. Any contact with outsiders is an event in an inmate's existence and the privilege extended to the Vision Group on this occasion was sincerely appreciated by all the members at the meeting. ■

During February the inmates of this prison were given a series of four lectures. Arranged by the Department of Extension of Queen's University through the institution's Educational Supervisor, Mr. C. R. Hogeboom, the lectures drew audiences of approximately 200 inmates and proved both informative and entertaining.

## QUEEN'S *Lectures* CONS

Kicking the series off was Mr. McIntyre of Queen's Faculty of Law. Mr. McIntyre's talk was labelled FAMILY LAW and proved to be a discussion of how to get divorced. The speaker explained the intricacies of our present divorce system and also the problems of marriage. After explaining different alimony laws and the differences to be encountered when travelling around the country after acquiring a Mexican divorce, Mr. McIntyre threw the subject open to discussion.

The rather unorthodox questions proved highly amusing and the quick answers added to the general enjoyment of the afternoon.

The following week the Head of Queen's Anatomy Department delivered what was probably the most informative lecture of the series. Dryly titled THE HUMAN NERVOUS SYSTEM, Doctor Basmajian's talk sparkled with humour and down-to-earth analogies that made this complicated topic interesting to the inmate audience. Doctor Basmajian described the nervous system explaining its basic functions and its reactions and susceptibility to disease, offering several examples that caused conversation in the cell blocks for days after.

The next speaker was Professor Brooks who scrapped a scheduled talk on the political situation in Turkey and substituted a series of slides he and his wife had taken during a two year sojourn in that country. Excellent photos, accompanied by interesting commentary, the afternoon lecture was another welcome break in the routine of prison life.

The final afternoon of this series was spent with Professor Dauphin of Queen's Engineering Faculty. Professor Dauphin brought along some surveying equipment and after he had talked at length on the various types of surveying and the uses of each, he invited the men to come on stage and inspect some of the equipment. Needless to say, the invitation was accepted by a great many and of particular interest was a machine for aerial photography that showed the pictures in three dimensions.

Although the lectures were open to any inmate who wanted to attend, the two hundred or so that turned up each week were attentive and interested in the topics. The informative series stirred interest in many minds and also pointed up the lack of knowledge among inmates.

We extend the thanks of all those who attended to the men who came in to lecture and to Queen's Department of Extension for making the four week series possible.

# **Human Relations Course**

## **INMATES**

### **GRADUATE**

Twenty inmates of this prison are looking forward to brighter futures today. The twenty are all graduates of a Course in Human Relations given by Mr. Wm. Downton as part of the therapeutic training in the prison.

*by R. E. Porter*



**Front Row, left to right: Ernie Wilson, Doug McCafferty, John Dickinson, Con Laderoute, Jim Fox and Jim Birnstihl. Back row: John Allan, Ray Mathieu, John Pettit, Jack Eaton, Tom Dupont, Harvey Simon, Doug Marshall, Ted Smith, Bob Farlinger, Harry Chang, Bob Mondeville, George Deschene, Terry Garnier, Jim Cox and Instructor Wm. Downton.**

Mr. Downton is a Classification Officer at the penitentiary and he has been instructing the students in this twelve-week course in order to give them a better understanding of human nature and to help them speak effectively before groups or to other individuals.

The previous eleven sessions of this course were held on Friday evenings and Mr. Downton's only reward for his services was the satisfaction he got from witnessing the progress of the individuals.

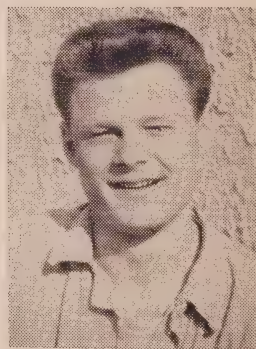


The inmates graduating today ranged from a twenty-year old first offender to a forty-one year old with a record over two pages long. They were serving sentences ranging from two to five years. They looked different, they talked different and they acted differently from one another. The common denominator for these men was that they all recognized their need for better relations with their fellow man and they were all willing to do something about this need.

And judging from their testimonials today they *had* done something. Stating what they thought they had got out of the course, the men mentioned self-confidence, the ability to communicate their ideas to others, the ability to make friends, improved memory and a feeling of satisfaction within themselves.

One man stated that he had always had trouble talking to personnel men when applying for a job and he felt he would now have the ability and confidence to sell himself to an employer. Another inmate was learning to barber and felt the gift of gab would certainly prove an asset in his work. Summing it up, the last man to speak said that his sister had recently wrote and told him what a great improvement there was in his letters to her. His whole attitude seemed to have changed, she said, since he had taken this course. Now he was much easier to get along with. Her letter to him finished with the question: How can I get my husband to take a course like this without having him go to jail?

Voted the award for Highest Achievement on this course was John Pettit, a twenty-one year old inmate from a southern Ontario city who is serving a 3½ year sentence. At this final session John gave a powerful, emotion-charged speech that spoke well for his training over the past twelve weeks. John is also a student of the Vocational Bricklaying course at this institution and is certainly working at self-improvement.



JOHN PETTIT

Obviously pleased and proud of winning, John was given a book (Dale Carnegie's *Scrapbook*) which he promptly asked instructor Downton and all the graduates to autograph so he could have it as a memento.

(Continued)

# S O S

## TO MULROONEY

"Keep still and y' won't get hurt!" His voice rasped gratingly. He waited a moment, letting the words sink in, watching her give up the uneven contest. "That's better. Alone?" he asked, his breath hot against her cheek.

She nodded her head.

"O.K., we'll see. Don't scream an' y' won't get hurt. Understand?" When she indicated she wouldn't he cautiously took his hand from her mouth, and when she didn't scream or try to fight any more he released her and stepped back. "All right, c'mon. Let's look th' place over. You first."

She touched the wall for support, her knees almost too weak to sustain her, and fear pounded her heart with such fury she was sure he could hear it. Moistening her lips nervously she forced herself to glance at him as they started silently through the small two-bedroom apartment. About thirty, she thought. A fraction over six feet tall, and dark with surprisingly intense black eyebrows that met, cutting harshly across his forehead in a straight bisecting line, a mark of cleavage, and visible under his pulled down gray felt hat, the single deep furrow between his eyes, also. A long straight up-and-down line and one across. A sort of X-marks-the-spot face, she thought wildly, hysteria approaching. In such state it impressed her as being funny,

very funny—and then something inside her seemed to crack, and she giggled.

"What gives? What's the' yak?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, laughing aloud, hysteria building close to the shrieking point. But the X-marks-the-spot face was so funny that she told him about it—pointing. In a convulsive half-daze she saw muscles twitch and lips grow thin and tight; black anger sweeping across his face like a dark cloud—though she was conscious of it only as another person, an onlooker watching vaguely. His arm drew back and came forward, hitting her across the side of the face. It even sounded vague to her, like the crack of a distant whip, and she fell across the arm of Mulrooney's favorite chair, landing in a crumpled subdued heap, her housecoat flaring open.

The man stood glaring at her, breathing hard, saying nothing.

As effective shock therapy the blow started her thinking coherently, trying to bring reason to sudden chaos. Robbery? No, he hadn't asked for money, nor had he tried to molest her—so far—so he probably wasn't a sex criminal.

What, then?

She pulled her housecoat together, brushed back her hair. Looking up at him she tentatively tried a smile—peace offering to a child. No, not just a child, not a child at all she amended shrewdly; part something else. The eyes were those of a mental misfit. She was sure of it, and shuddered inwardly, feeling icy terror clearly for the first time in her life. He was probably a stupid brutal person who needed pacification, convinced he was right.

He had not moved since striking her, standing in the same place, breathing

heavily through lips loosely apart. But her determined smile had wiped the hatred from his eyes; now they merely watched her vacuously.

She knew she must reach him at his exact mental level, if possible.

"You were right to slap me—I deserved it," she told him with admirable self-control. "I was silly and rude. Please have a cigarette with me to show there're no hard feelings. Here—" She flipped open the box on the end table. "Light one for me."

The simple statements, the command. Surely this would reach him. And the familiar routine of smoking together, a civilized behaviour pattern. Maybe....

He continued staring at her; but then he took two cigarettes and put them into his mouth, snapped the table lighter into flame. Even as she accepted one she heard the thin wail of a siren, and it soothed her, not because help was imminent but because she felt, for some unexplained reason, she was not his prime target. The man had sought haven, escaping something committed elsewhere.

His eyes glinted dangerously as the shrill sound drew near.

"You'll know soon enough anyway," he said, smirking. "I heisted th' abortion spot — th' brownstone next door. I did a good job, too!" Proudly.

"Oh. Wonderful! Why didn't you tell me?" she inquired glibly, managing a brittle smile. "It would have saved a lot of trouble. Don't worry, you're safe here. Even if the cops come to the door we can say you're my husband. You'd better take off your hat, though — and your coat, just in case," she ad-libbed smoothly.

Her quick transition from terror to apparent composure and friendship was

puzzling to the not too facile mind, and it groped. The woman appeared to be a friend; his friend. His eyes narrowed appraisingly.

"You in th' rackets?"

"No, but my husband is. Maybe you know him—The Irishman. Oh, I used to boost a little," she confessed lying readily.

Thanks to TV and paperbacks my education is fairly complete, she thought, desperately seeking a solution. Then she remembered the way they used chest microphones on TV. She had discussed it with Mulrooney and he had explained how the voice came through clear and strong that way. Holding a telephone mouthpiece firmly against your chest obtained the same results as a chest microphone, permitting the person on the other end to hear your words perfectly, even when they weren't spoken into the phone.

Now she had it! Somehow she had to phone Mulrooney without this man knowing she was doing it. If only—

"...your husband doin' now?"

She had been so engrossed she had missed the first words.

"What's he doing now?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"At the moment he's working, being a square john," she explained blithely. (She never knew she could lie so convincingly) "But he's got a couple of good things lined up. He's looking for the right man to work with."

"Is he th' one they call Big Irish?"

"Big Irish? No-o, I've never heard him called that; always The Irishman. Do you know him?"

"No, but I know Big Irish."

Relief that she hadn't slipped up and said yes was almost audible, but when he took off his hat and she saw



the straight black hair that came down in a widow's peak, furthering the illusion of a divided face, she almost laughed again — then the impulse passed, of course.

"Like y' told me, I'd better take em both off — just in case," he said, getting out of his coat.

The sight of the gun in the belt holster was a shock, but she kept a tight rein on her emotions. "Put them in the hall closet if you wish. You'd better put away the gun, too. It wouldn't look too kosher, would it?"

"O.K." He leered shrewdly. "An' th' briefcase, too!"

He ducked quickly into the foyer and got it, returning immediately. She sensed his thought and got up. "I'll show you where to put them." She opened the closet door, moved aside a few belongings, took down a hanger and handed it to him. "Put your coat on this so it won't get wrinkled and—say—maybe you'd better have a beer. Then if the law comes knocking I can say you've got a hangover and couldn't go to work. That's certainly no crime," she stated reasonably.

He hesitated a brief moment, then grinned and complied. The briefcase on the floor, he unsnapped the holster.

"Stick it in your coat pocket if you wish," she suggested, turning on her heel and going back into the apartment. "Come and get the beer. I think I'll have one with you."

Be calm—calm. Easy does it. You're doing fine, just think it out carefully.

He was a step behind her in the kitchen. She took two cans from the refrigerator, handed them to him and pulled open a drawer. "There's an opener in there someplace. Make yourself at home."

Back in the living room he headed for the front window. Standing to one side, well out of view from below, he cautiously watched the activity: pedestrians bunching curiously around the police car until they were sent on their way by a brusque command, only to have their places taken immediately by equally curious others. He rubbed the back of his knuckles across his chin and turned to look at her, grinning foolishly, pleased with his strategy.

Suddenly she sucked in her breath. Her hand flew to her mouth in a well acted gesture of dismay. "Oh, goodness! I just thought. . . ."

"Yeah?" He was sharp, his emotions again teetering on the edge of uncertainty.

"Kathy. That's our little girl. They're bringing her home this morning. She was kept overnight at our doctor's clinic," she explained parenthetically. "Oh, we can't have anybody here now, not even Kathy. You know that," she stated. "You know how children talk."

He considered the problem dully, his lips moving, silently forming his thoughts. Then he brightened. "Why don't you phone 'em? Tell 'em you'll pick 'er up later. Would y' do that?" Imploringly.

"Oh, yes! Yes, of course. Thank you for thinking of it. Look up the number for me — will you please? I can't read fine print without my glasses." She got the Manhattan book and handed it to him. "Doctor McDermott. Two twenty-something East 65th, I think."

She smiled irresolutely and pressed fingertips against throbbing temples, thinking furiously: Dialing the last digit as 9 instead of 0 would ring Mul-

rooney. Every day people dialed hurriedly—not quite completing final whirl—and reached Mulrooney instead of the doctor. It's been happening for years—that's why she knew about Dr. McDermott's number. This time it would be a desperate S.O.S. to Mulrooney and he would figure out something. Please God.

He was intently checking down a page. His finger came to a halt and he looked up, grinning doltishly. "I found it! Dr. Wayne McDermott, 228 East 65th. RH 7-6840."

He hovered suspiciously as she dialed, not fully convinced of her criminal loyalty. She made it easy for him, dialing deliberately, murmuring the letters and numbers aloud, allowing him

full view of the procedure; then, with her forefinger in the final O opening, she spun the dial triumphantly, her middle finger finding the adjacent 9 and holding it to the stop.

She heard the ring begin before she cradled the mouthpiece between her breast. "Don't say anything while I'm talking on the phone," she cautioned distinctly. "The doctor knows Mr. Mulrooney's voice and if he hears a strange man here—" She left the rest unsaid, dangling in mid-air. He nodded dumbly and she raised the instrument to her ear.

It was not ringing.

"This is Mrs. Mulrooney speaking," she said, fighting to keep her voice from quavering. "I'm calling about my little girl, Kathy."



"And stop saying, 'It takes a thief to catch a . . .'"

A moment's significant silence, then Mulrooney's voice came from the phone, sounding strangely crisp, crackling audibly in the stillness of the room.

"Yes, Mrs. Mulrooney. About little Kathy—"

Bless you my darling. You understand something is wrong.

"I realize you're to bring Kathy back here this morning, but something terribly important came up and I wonder if it would be too much of an imposition to ask you not to bring her home. Not right now. In fact, it might be better if I picked her up—later on." She glanced quickly at her captor, seeking approbation. He made a smug face, his head jerked approvingly and she rushed on: "Tell me please, how is Kathy this morning? No complications from the tonsilectomy?"

"No indeed. Mrs. Mulrooney. She's fine. These things are never as serious as you think; so just try to relax and don't worry. I'll see you later. Oh, by the way, if I should want to get in touch with you, are you home now?"

"Yes, I am." (she almost added: "darling.") "I know you'll take care of everything. Goodbye."

She hung up. S.O.S. completed.

"Well, that's taken care of." Obtusely, with obvious relief. "Incidentally, my name is Mary. Mary Francis Catherine O'Shea Mulrooney," she smiled brightly and extended her hand.

"Sa-a-y, that's some name. Mine's Rocky Seaver."

Gold-capped teeth flashed and his hand shook hers crushingly, making her wince.

"Oh! My, but you're strong," she told this Rocky, this poor moron — rubbing her fingers. "You're all man, aren't you?"

"Yeah-h. . .but I didn't mean to hurt you, babe. I mean, Mary. Jeez, I'm sorry. An' about before—when I busted in. . . ." He looked abject.

Beat, rob, murder a stranger; but don't squeeze the hand of a friend too hard. To this warped mind that was wrong. Anyway, now she knew her new status.

"Oh. that—" She dismissed his former violence with a shrug as though it were an everyday occurrence. "Forget it. Mulrooney's always belting me around."

Forgive me dear heart. I have to pretend.

A beer and cigarette later Rocky was their staunch bosom pal, looking forward to meeting The Irishman, now that he knew all about him from his wife. There were so many scores The Irishmen could fit into nicely—Rocky knew lots of them—and he was sure he'd meet all requirements. And besides, Rocky said, he was just the man The Irishman had been looking for.

Oh, sure, she said. No doubt about it, and she had Mulrooney participating in several payroll holdups. Very distinguished roles. When she learned Rocky had never been west of Kansas City she had Mulrooney a California ex-convict. (Rocky, she learned, didn't think you were a pro unless you'd done 'time.) Oh, Mulrooney was the greatest, she said, savoring her improvising to such a receptive audience. Why, there had been dozens of holdups.

Names, places, dates?

"Sorry, Rocky," she said pedantically, shaking her head. "Mulrooney never mentions names. He doesn't talk. Never!" She was quite emphatic about it.



Rocky nodded approvingly. "A real pro. He's my kind uh guy. I shouldn't a ast you. Boy, wait'll we get together! I can hardly wait."

"Neither can I, Rocky."

The buzzer sounded.

"Wonder who it is?" she whispered, leaning closer. "Maybe I'd better answer."

He put out a hand. "Naw, they'll go 'way. Let 'em ring."

The buzzer sprang to life, ringing repeatedly; then a voice shouted: GAS COMPANY! EMERGENCY! THERE'S A MAIN LINE BREAK. WE'VE GOT TO REACH IT IMMEDIATELY. IF YOU DON'T OPEN THE DOOR I'LL HAVE THE POLICE BREAK IN."

The story was full of holes but it worked. Rocky practically shoved her toward the door. "Go 'head! Open it!"

Mulrooney stood on the threshold, tightlipped, carrying a huge flashlight. A cap hung on the back of his head and some kind of badge was pinned to his coat. Looking past her he saw Rocky. He said levelly: "Got to find it fast, lady; otherwise the whole block'll blow sky-high." He came inside. "Where's the kitchen?" He looked at Rocky. "Maybe you'd better show me, mister. Too dangerous for the lady."

Rocky stood up uncertainly. "Dangerous? Oh, yeah—th' gas leak. That way, in there—"

He turned, motioning toward the kitchen, and Mulrooney swung the flashlight. A beautiful, clean hit, and Rocky dropped to the floor. Out cold, as they say in the world of fistieuffs.

And Mary, Mulrooney's wonderful adorable Mary was safe in his arms,

sobbing as though her heart would break. The danger over, she could afford the precious luxury of being the weaker sex.

The police had taken Rocky away, handcuffed, dazed, and still uncertain as to what had happened. Mary was in Mulrooney's chair again—in a manner of speaking. Mulrooney sat in the chair and she sat on his lap, snuggling comfortably. He had made her tell him everything that happened. Every detail, from the beginning. And he had lectured her severely about the safety chain. She promised, and meant it, that she'd always have it on in the future; she'd never be that careless again. Ever.

Mulrooney thought her trick with the telephone was wonderful. No one could have pulled it off slicker than she had—and right in front of the guy, begorrah!—while he was watching! Neither Nero Wolfe nor the Thin man nor anyone else could hold a candle to his Mary. She was wonderful and beautiful and—

He was fairly bursting with pride and so lavish in praises that she felt herself blush, and so changed the subject to her adoring subject—Mulrooney.

"Tell me, darling"—smoothing his hair and gazing at him tenderly—"how did you come to arm yourself with a—*a flashlight?*"

"Well, I'll tell ye, darlin'," Mulrooney replied, reverting to his favorite brogue. "It wuz the nearest thing to a shillelagh I could find. Besides—" he rubbed the tip of his nose against hers—"I wanted to be sure he saw the light."

THE

END

# LETTERS

## TO THE

## EDITOR

Dear Sir:

We have just recently subscribed to your wonderful book after receiving a copy sent to us by a friend.

We enjoy reading it very much. In fact, I'm reading it for the second time and look forward to the next copy. We would also like to have sent it to our son as we feel he would enjoy reading it.

Good luck in your work.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Frances Cartier  
Windsor

Sir:

Some time ago you sent me a copy of your inspiring publication and I enjoyed it immensely. So much so that I recommended it to several friends and loaned them my copy to read.

It has taken until today to trace it down so that I could get your address and send my subscription — which is enclosed.

Thank you for introducing me to your magazine — I like it.

Frank Tees  
Peterboro

Dear friends:

I am sorry that I made you unhappy. I enclose my cheque for \$3.00. This shall renew my subscription for two years. Please continue to send the magazine to my home address and also send a copy for one year to Reverend John G. Moyer, who is chaplain at the brick yard at Mimico.

Be careful about feeling sorry for yourself in print. As a former Crown-Attorney, I do feel sorry for you, but I am convinced that no con or ex-con should indulge in self-pity. To my mind, it is the worst threat to a man's re-establishment.

Yours very sincerely,  
E. W. Rush  
Toronto

*Editor: Mr. Rush's opening remark is in reference to our little card for subscribers who have let their subscription expire—a terrible sin. Mr. Rush's last point is well taken and we'll endeavour to avoid the self-pity.*



# LETTERS CONTINUED:

Gentlemen:

I feel sure my subscription must be running out, if it hasn't already done so. To make sure, I am enclosing two dollars.

In regard to your idea of making "The Diamond" a bi-monthly publication; seems a good idea to me and the savings on mailing costs alone would be worthwhile.

I like your magazine and am looking forward to bigger and better issues in the future.

Yours truly,  
(Mrs.) M. Coulston  
Toronto

Editor: *Mrs Coulston's letter was one of the many we received in favour of our bi-monthly schedule. However, as has been explained in our previous issue, we were unable to do this. We will try for bigger and better magazines, though.*

Dear Sir:

I have heard about your institutional magazine and would be very interested in subscribing to it. Enclosed please find \$1.00 for a year.

Yours sincerely,  
Wm. Jack  
Hamilton

Editor: *Word of mouth advertising yet! We've been told this is the best possible recommendation a product can get.*

Editors:

Why is it that all the letters you print are in praise of your magazine?

Surely everyone doesn't think it's worth the dollar they paid for it? Why don't you print some of the comments of your detractors — they might make more interesting reading.

Truthfully yours,  
#5431

Editor: *Dear 5431; we don't print the others because people who don't like The DIAMOND don't bother renewing their subscription and, as a consequence, don't drop us a line. We can, however, keep track of our detractors by counting the number of subscriptions that aren't renewed. We're not divulging this, though!*

Hi there:

So you guys feel confined?

Well, I am a traveller and this weekend happen to be in a room in the Newfoundland Hotel — because it costs too much to go home for the weekend. If there is a lonlier life than a traveller's at night in strange places, then I have not heard of it.

I'd love to spend times like this with human beings — in durance vile or otherwise — but this is the way I chose to earn my living so that's the way she goes.

Keep your chins up.

Tod Wood  
North Sydney, N.S.

Editor: *And to think we'd been thinking of travelling! Thanks for writing to straighten us out and we hope The DIAMOND helps fill in the nights.*





# THE DIAMOND



*Founded 1951*

*Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY, with the permission of MR. ALLAN J. MacLEOD, Q.C., Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S. J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden.*

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DEPUTY WARDEN

F. Smith

PRINCIPAL KEEPER

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## The Collin's Bay DIAMOND

is published to bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public and to provide a medium for creative expression. It is the aim of the DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics.

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*Permission for republication of articles appearing in the C.B. DIAMOND is granted, with the proviso that the DIAMOND be credited.*

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*THE SCEPTIC*

My Father Christmas passed away  
    When I was barely seven.  
At twenty-one, alack-a-day,  
    I lost my hope of heaven.

Yet not in either lies the curse:  
    The hell of it's because  
I don't know which loss hurt the worse—  
    My God or Santa Claus.

*Robert W. Service*